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DRAMAtical Murder re:code - Morphine Route; Part 9 Translation

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SUMMARY

The road to salvation.

Aoba
.... ugh!!

When I open my eyes, I immediately sit up.

Someone is supporting my back.

Virus
Aoba-san.

Trip
Are you okay, Aoba?

Aoba
... Ugh.

Virus and Trip support me by my arms, standing by both of my sides, they're both supporting my back.

Without knowing what had just happened, I stare at both of their faces with a blank expression.

My chest hurts, feeling as if something is crushing me from the inside. My head hurts too.

If I remember correctly... I Scrapped Mizuki, then...

... Oh yeah.

I was dragged into Mizuki's head, I saw his past...

Virus
Are you okay? Aoba-san.

Aoba
This place is...

As I look around, I realize that it's the same place where I first played Rhyme.

Two operation tables lined in the room, it seems like I've been sleeping here all this while.

Virus
When you tried to destroy the Dry Juice leader, both of you ended up collapsing.

Virus
We can't leave you lying in the corridor so we decided to bring you into an empty room.

Trip
The other person is over there.

Trip points his chin to one side, Mizuki lies on the operation table next to mine.

Virus
Oh well, Aoba-san destroyed him anyway, so he's nothing but a puppet now.

Trip
That's right.

Mizuki has his eyes closed, he looks like he's sleeping.

But, when he wakes, he'll be nothing but a useless person.

I destroyed him.

Virus
Aoba-san, how do you feel?

Aoba
My head, hurts...

Virus
It might not be appropriate for me to ask this now but what about Rhyme? Should we do it another time?

Aoba
... yeah.

My chest hurts more, my head still throbs. There's no way I'd have the mood to play Rhyme now.

Virus

Understood. We've directed for no one to enter this room for now, so please take your time and rest.

Virus

If your headache becomes worse, we can also prepare medicines for you.

Both of them support me to lie back on the operation table.

Virus

We want to keep looking after Aoba-san, but we have to leave now.

Trip

It's been two hours since Aoba passed out. We're running out of time.

Two hours?

It's been that long?

Virus

Well then, if there's anything else that you need, please feel free to contact us anytime.

Trip

Please take care of yourself, Aoba.

With that said, both of them walk out of the room.

I release a small sigh, then shift my vision to my side.

I stare at Mizuki's side profile.

His eyes fidgeted a little, then shiver a tad.

Will he open his eyes?

Mizuki's eyelashes flutter again, slowly opening up.

But, all he does is staring at the ceiling.

It's natural since I've destroyed his conscious. Even when he'd opened his eyes he's nothing more but a puppet now.

...That's what I thought.

Aoba
...!

Mizuki's face moves slowly... then, he looks at me.

Those eyes are...

They aren't empty.

There's some hints of weakness in them but I'm sure that he's staring with me with fervent determination.

Aoba
...

Too shocked, I lost my words.

What's happening?

He looks like he's staring at me, or maybe he isn't...

Maybe, coincidentally, he just has his head turning towards my direction.

... But, no matter how I look at it I'm certain that there's conscious in Mizuki's eyes.

That means...

Did I fail Scrap again?

I didn't manage to destroy him?

...No.

I'm sure that I've destroyed Mizuki.
Scrap should be a success.

Then, that means...

Scrap... doesn't work on him?

He endured it?

Mizuki
...

Mizuki stares penetratingly at me.

How did he manage to endure Scrap?

... It is because of his persistence?

Mizuki has always been relentlessly telling me this – that he wants me to stay in Morphine, that he needs me. That’s abnormally persistent, indeed.

Morphine... Was it because of his persistence towards his team and me that he managed to endure Scrap?

That kind of thing...

Mizuki
... Aoba.

Mizuki calls me with a light voice.
I’m sure that he’d called my name.

As I thought, this person... has his own conscious.

Mizuki
You... my, past...

Aoba
...

Aoba
... ouch.

At that time, the headache I’ve been feeling the entire time now becomes worse.

It feels as if something is cutting my head apart, it’s unbearable, I can feel the fury and frustration I’m feeling towards Mizuki rushing up to my head.

By the way... I remember Mizuki saying something about some Morphine’s “experimental subjects” being able to preserve their self even after the experiment.

I didn’t take it seriously at that time but...

This person is dangerous.

I shouldn’t be more involved with him anymore.

After that, I avoid Mizuki like how I did before.

Of course, I don’t take part in “Spirited Away” anymore, anyway, I decided not to see Mizuki ever again.

I don't want to talk to Mizuki.

I don't want to listen to Mizuki, who has surpassed my Scrap.

I don't know the reason to it myself.

Perhaps it's because of the fact that my pride is hurt for having someone surpassing Scrap.

But, above that, above everything else...

Anyway, I think it's best to avoid him as much as I can.

After Mizuki's incident, I would often see a dream.

I don't remember the content of it but, when I wake, my mood is always bad, and I'm not able to sleep for a long time after that.

There's only one thing that I take out from the dream, though.

It's the voice.

- Aoba -

- ... me -

I don't understand the meaning of it, I don't understand why is it following me.

What exactly is that voice?

At the same time as I start seeing those dreams, my headache becomes more and more frequent, it becomes worse... Seriously, everything is the worst now.

With my migraine and insomnia persisting over me, I lose my appetite, I spend most of my time in the room, without moving.

I understand that my body is become weaker with every passing day as well.

Things I don't like keep happening...

Because I spend most of my time in the room, it becomes a fact that I'm no longer able to "escape", and eventually, I end up having to meet Mizuki at long last.

That means, Mizuki has come to find me in my room.

I wonder how long has it been since I started avoiding Mizuki? Without knowing if it's day or night, I simply roll around my bed, and then, I hear the sound of my room door being opened.

The sound of footsteps approach me. Without bothering to check who it is, I remain still.

The footsteps stop by my bed.

Mizuki
... Aoba.

Aoba
.... ugh!

At that precise moment, I feel a shock in my head, as if someone has poured a bucket of cold water all over me.

...Mizuki.

Didn't he go to the Old Resident District for Morphine task today?

With that thought, I check my Coil. It's already the next day. Is my recognition skill becoming worse thanks to the weaken of my body?

I click my tongue at my own uselessness.

Mizuki
...Aoba. You're awake, right?

I couldn't tell what sort of emotion is he bearing with that voice of his; he calls me with a dry voice. I slowly look up, the face I haven't been seeing for a while now is right in front of me.

Mizuki
Toue is calling for you.

Aoba
...., ... ha?

I furrow my brows at the abrupt words.

I was wondering what he was trying to say...

Toue? Why is this all of a sudden?

Mizuki
To be precise, he called for both you and me. Seems like he wants to show us something.

Aoba

...

Since I've talked to Toue on the first day I came here, I've never once interacted with him again.

I wonder what happened to have him calling us all of a sudden like this. I couldn't tell what is happening but I can't deny that I'm interested with what could've happened.

Aoba

... Okay then.

I lift my heavy body up from the bed, coming down from it, then grabbing onto whatever shirt I can find and start changing.

While I change, Mizuki keeps staring at me, as if he has something to say.

His stare irritates me, so I glare at Mizuki when I put up my parka.

Aoba

What is it?

Mizuki

You have grown skinnier.

Well, that's because I haven't been eating for a few days now, of course I'd look skinnier.

Aoba

If you have time to talk about these unnecessary things, how about we start moving now?

With my harsh words, I leave the room without a look at Mizuki. He then follows me out of the room too.

Anyhow, I really don't want to talk to Mizuki now.

Even his voice stirs something out of me, it puts me in a bad mood.

This person is dangerous.

Toue waits for us in the third basement floor, one floor down our rooms.

Toue

Good evening, Aoba-kun.

When we walk out of the elevator, he greets us with that fake smile of his. Mizuki nods lightly, a form of recognition.

Two masked figures stand by Toue's side. Different from the other guards, they're dressed differently. Seems like they're Toue's personal bodyguards.

Toue
You don't look good, are you not feeling well?

Aoba
No?

Toue
You don't seem to be very active in Morphine activities recently either.

Aoba
That's my business, right?

Toue
... hm, that's fine. Well then, shall we get going?

Toue doesn't seem to be affected by my attitude at all as we start walking down the corridor.

Aoba
Where are we going?

With my question, Toue stops walking, looking over his shoulder.

His eyes narrow, an obvious sort of deep hint buried within them.

Toue
We're going to see your friends.

Under the third basement floor, there's a corner of a space that looks nothing but unusual.

Like the upper floors of the tower, there's a big door at the end of the corridor, but it seems to be locked within two layers of security.

Two guards stand on each side of the door, when they confirm the persons going through the door, they start to unlock the door.

Toue and the two bodyguards seem to earn themselves a free pass but they check both mine and Mizuki's Coil before we could enter.

When the door open, a staircase is revealed. We walk half a stair downwards, and come across yet another door.

Here, Toue's bodyguard keys in the secret code into the panel located right beside the door.

Beyond the door, a longer corridor stretches.

The corridor here looks different from the ones in the tower. The impression I'm getting from this place is...

A jail.

Once he has confirmed that the door behind him is closed, Toue starts walking again. Mizuki and I follow without another word.

The corridor is wide, there are rooms lining up on the right side of it.

As we walk, I ponder about the things Toue has told me earlier.

Toue
We are going to see your friends.

If I am to take it literally, my friends should be them then. They were captured too when I was brought to the tower.

But, if that's the case, why does Toue want me to meet them?

Does he want me to destroy them?

Or, does he intend to break my composure?

There's no point trying to do that to me now.

Toue
It's here.

Toue stops in front of one of the doors. The huge glass is tinted black, I cannot tell the situation inside at all.

Toue
Well then, let's start this touching reunion, shall we?

Touching reunion. That means, as I thought, it could only mean one thing.

One of the bodyguards walks towards the door, working on the panel on the wall.

I thought he's going to open the door, but I was wrong.

The tinted glass becomes clear, the scene in the room starts to surface gradually.

Toue
Here is what we call a jail.

Toue

But even so, we don't intend to retain any criminals here. Of course, it all depends on the situation but this is a place where we keep people whom we need to observe for a period of time.

Toue

We don't want them to know that we're here, so we built it this way.

Aoba

...

I don't bother about Toue's explanation at all, whatever he says are thrown out of my head the moment they reach my ears. That aside, I'm more interested in the scene I'm seeing in front of me now.

Through the glass which is now clear and clean, I could see them.

Koujaku, Noiz, Mink, Clear.

Mizuki

...

Mizuki swallows his breath by my side.

Koujaku, Mink and Noiz sit, their movements restrained, while Clear lies on the floor.

The three of them look weak but they're still visibly conscious. Clear's body looks broken, his eyes closed.

This is the first time I'm seeing his face under the mask.

Heh, so that's how he looks like, huh...

Toue

Your friends are such great materials. It's a good chance so I decided to have them to help me out with my experiment.

Toue

They all have very strong mental ability. For a regular person, they wouldn't be able to endure at all once they hear the sound of it.

Toue

We can try the experiments that we weren't able to try on others on them. To be honest, I'm looking forward to it.

Toue

But... you call him Clear, right? Clear is different from the other three. Because he belongs to me from the very beginning.

Toue

I'm not sure if you're aware of this but Clear is not human. His body is made out of machines.

Aoba

... I didn't know about that.

I remember "Reason" had a very peculiar feeling towards Clear though...

He's not human, huh?

Toue

Clear was a defective product so he was supposed to be disposed but I guess he fell into the wrong hands.

Toue

He's an old modal and I wanted to dispose him myself but then, I changed my mind. After repairing him, I'm thinking of replacing his systems to the newest system modal.

Aoba

Newest?

Toue

Yeah. Them over there are from a new series, or should I say, they're Clear's younger brothers...

Following Toue's gaze, the two bodyguards from before take their masks away.

Both of their faces look exactly like Clear, who's lying on the floor.

They all have the same faces.

Toue

To enable them to adapt to human's life, we modelled them based on the idea of heart modification so that they could look perfectly biologically appropriate too.

Toue

They have the same faces now, but we aim to install more variations in them as time goes by. That's how we aim to make them into humans, as close as possible.

Toue

When we're done with this series, we thought we're starting to see the light of success but, them, being the newest series, still has one thing that's insufferable from them.

Toue

It's the direct interaction with humans.

Toue

That's a miscalculation from our end but Clear has datas documenting his interactions with human beings; not as a simulation, but as an actual human.

Toue

We can install Clear's head into the body of a new series but...

Toue

It's beyond our expectation that a defected product is able to live with humans in such a normal way. In other words, I'm particularly interested with the potential that's still yet to be explored in Clear.

Toue

So, I intend to maintain Clear's current condition and merely updating his main system.

Toue

If we fail, then we will consider transferring Clear's data into a new series.

Toue

I want to bet on the possibility, no matter how small they may seem to be.

Toue

What kind of result would Clear produce? Or would he fail? ... It's a very interesting exploration.

Aoba

...

Toue

Well, before that, Clear's younger brothers said that they wanted to play a bit with their brother. So I allowed them to do whatever they want, as long as they don't hurt him to the extent of unrepairable.

That's the reason why Clear's the only one who's broken, huh?

I stand by Toue's side, then giving the two persons, who are bearing the same face as Clear, a fleeting look.

Anyway, about Clear... or rather, Toue seems to be enjoying himself when he talks about his own research.

But, I don't see the passion in Toue when it comes to him talking about his research.

For Toue, these researches are merely a base to provide him a direction, he probably takes more interest in exploring the unpredictable results more than anything else.

That's how I look at it.

What Toue says about his goal or his research, everything is leading towards that direction... Everything are only materials he uses to enjoy himself.

... Arggh, that's why I don't like him.

The way he does things; I especially hate it.

Armouring himself with all these reasons and arguments, I cannot understand his persistence towards something that's so fake.

Literally, I could never be able to stand him - as "Desire".

I'll do anything if I really want to.

If I want to beat someone up, I'll do it.

There's nothing else but that.

Aoba

... What you wanted to show me... is this all?

I say with a flat voice. Toue smiles lightly as he looks at me.

Toue

There's one more thing.

As he says that, he walks towards the direction of the exit.

We follow him to the door where we entered from.

Beyond the door, someone stands, blocking the brightness from the corridor.

There are two persons standing there. The taller one... is most likely a bodyguard.

The person standing by his side is shorter. The shadow is blocking my vision, I can't see the face.

I guess they're looking at us. When the smaller shadow steps towards us, its body shivers violently, and the bodyguard by its side stops it from moving.

Tae

... Aoba!

... With the abrupt voice, I stop walking.

It's not that I decided to stop walking.
My body just decided to stop moving all by its own.

Aoba

...

Toue

...

Toue peeks at my face, the corners of his lips curve higher.

... This man.

Tae

Aoba... And the person with you, is Mizuki, right?

Mizuki

...

Mizuki shivers a tad.

The small shadow... Struggling off the grasps of the bodyguard, Granny takes a step forward.

The light slowly illuminates her expression, she looks weak and fragile.

It's a kind of weakness, of fragility, of smallness, that I've never seen before.

She looks like she could break anytime now.

Granny frowns, staring at me with questionable gaze.

Even when she looks weak generally, her eyes still vibrates of a sense of last hope as she keeps looking at me.

... As if, I'm the hope she's looking out for.

Aoba

... So? What do you want me to do now that we've met?

Tae

...

As I throw an ephemeral gaze at Toue's direction, I can feel the shocked air vibrating from Granny.

Toue looks at me as if he's having fun with my reaction, then slowly closes his eyes.

Toue

... Nothing, none in particular.

Toue opens his eyes, then lifting a glance at the bodyguard by Granny's side.

The bodyguard grabs onto Granny's shoulders, preparing to pull her out of the door.

Tae

Aoba, Mizuki! Both of you...!

Even when she's being hauled away by the bodyguards, Granny keeps shouting at our direction.

Tae

Don't give up until the end! Aoba, Mizuki!

Bodyguard

Come here faster!

As Granny is pulled aggressively away, the door closes mercilessly.

The space falls into a sudden silence, I laugh at the last words I heard.

Aoba

Don't give up, she said? It's not directed towards us but towards herself, right? ... Hey, oi. Is this all? Boring.

I guess Toue intends to mess up my composure by doing this but everything ended without me reacting to anything at all.

Nothing is stirred from me.

But, Toue stares at me, still with that light smile on his face.

Toue

A poison takes its time for its effect to take place.

Aoba

Ha?

Toue

If you're fine even after consuming the poison now... seems like it's going to be interesting from now on.

Aoba

... You're really persistent, aren't you?

I have no idea what he's talking about.

I look away from Toue, who is still putting on a light smile, then look at Mizuki.

Mizuki is expressionless, merely staring at the closed door.

Finally being released by Toue, both Mizuki and I walk wordlessly back to our own floor.

I don't want to talk to Mizuki so I quicken my pace.

But, when we enter the elevator and walk back to our own rooms, Mizuki never say a word.

My room is already right in front of me. I want to go back quickly, so I walk faster again.

Mizuki
... Aoba.

As I walk, I hear his voice from behind me.

Aoba
...

I don't feel like answering him. I walk faster again, wanting to disappear into my own room when he grabs onto my shoulder from the back.

Aoba
Ugh, what is it?

I reflexively brush the hand on my shoulder off, meeting eyes with Mizuki, who is looking at me with a stern look on his face.

Mizuki
Aoba, you...

Aoba
Let go.

Mizuki
Didn't you feel anything at all when you saw that?

Aoba
... ha?

For a split second, I cannot understand what is Mizuki trying to ask me.

Mizuki
Koujaku, and the others are captured too... Also, Tae-san too.

Aoba
... So what's with that?

Mizuki
I want Morphine, my team to grow bigger. With you. But...

Mizuki
When I see the back story of what is really going to happen... somehow, I don't know anymore.

Aoba
... What are you saying?

In other words, is he shook by seeing how Koujaku and the rest and Granny are captured?

Even when he's part of Morphine?

Mizuki
If we let them be, we would never know what will happen to them, what will they do to them. When I think about that... I keep thinking about how I'm unable to face them...

Mizuki's face is painted with a layer of bitterness.

I want to tease him, so I smirk.

Aoba
Are you aware of what you're talking now? Your team members had gone through some cruel treatments too. So what do you want to do with them?

Mizuki
That's... ... When I'm with them, I don't notice it. But, now...

Aoba
...

I close my mouth, staring penetratingly at Mizuki.

He's confused but I'm already aware of what kind of situation Mizuki is in now.

He didn't notice the deal behind Morphine from before because he was completely under control.

But, his mental ability has always been strong. That's why he's able to preserve his self even when he's controlled by Morphine.

My Scrap doesn't work on him.

That means...

There's a high possibility that he might snap out of it.

Most likely, Mizuki is slowly...

Starting to gain back his true self.

He's getting himself out of Morphine's brainwashing.

Perhaps my Scraps has quickened the pace for it to happen too.

Anyway...

As I thought, this person is dangerous. I need to tell Virus and Trip quickly, then we'll figure something out.

Mizuki

I don't know what I'm thinking, what I'm doing, I don't know what I want to do. It feels like there are two conscious inside me...

The existence of two conscious.

Aoba

...ugh.

At that moment, i'm attacked by a sudden migraine.

The pain stabs me in the head, I press my palm against my forehead.

What is, this...

It's different from the pain from before.

It hurts...

Aoba

... It's bothersome, don't get involved with me. If not, I'll destroy all of your members.

Aoba

Not mentally, but physically.

I throw my words out brutally, then pushing Mizuki out of the way, running into my room.

I thought he'd chase after me but I don't see Mizuki coming after me.

My brain feels like it's being stabbed by thousands of needles, I scramble towards my bed.

Aoba
Goddammit...!

I punch the wall, hitting hard on everywhere I can land my fists on.

I cannot hear my own voice as I walk unsteadily towards the bed, throwing my body onto it and turn around.

Aoba
...

My head feels like it's going to be split into two, and, in the midst of pain, I'm reminded of Mizuki's words.

... It's frustrating.

If he's going to be confused then he should just do it himself.

Anyway, the fact that Mizuki is mentally strong is a threat of its own.

... Dangerous.
Why, would I think so?

Of course that's because Scrap doesn't work on him. I shouldn't get close with him.

...But, is that all?

I could simply let Virus and Trip handle him.

Then, why... am I afraid?

Why do I need to think that he's dangerous?

My thought process being cut off, I hear the sound of my Coil.

Aoba
A mail...?

From who?

Surprised, I open the mail, the sender is one of "Captive Princess".

The content has "Faster come" written in it.

Aoba
Ha...?

I remember the name of the sender. If I remember correctly, they used to send me spam mails in the past.

Aoba
... ouch.

My headache becomes worse and worse, then, closing the mail, I close my eyes.

At the same time, a bizarre sort of sleepiness starts hitting on me.

It's like I've fallen into the pit of mud, it's a weird sort of sleepiness.

My head hurts but I'm able to sleep... It's weird.

As I think about it, I become sleepy.

My body could no longer fight against the drowsiness it's pulling me into.

I sink into my bed, slowly falling asleep.

(■■■■■■■■■■ DRAMAtical Murder re:code [■■■■■■■■■■ ■■■■] ■■■■)